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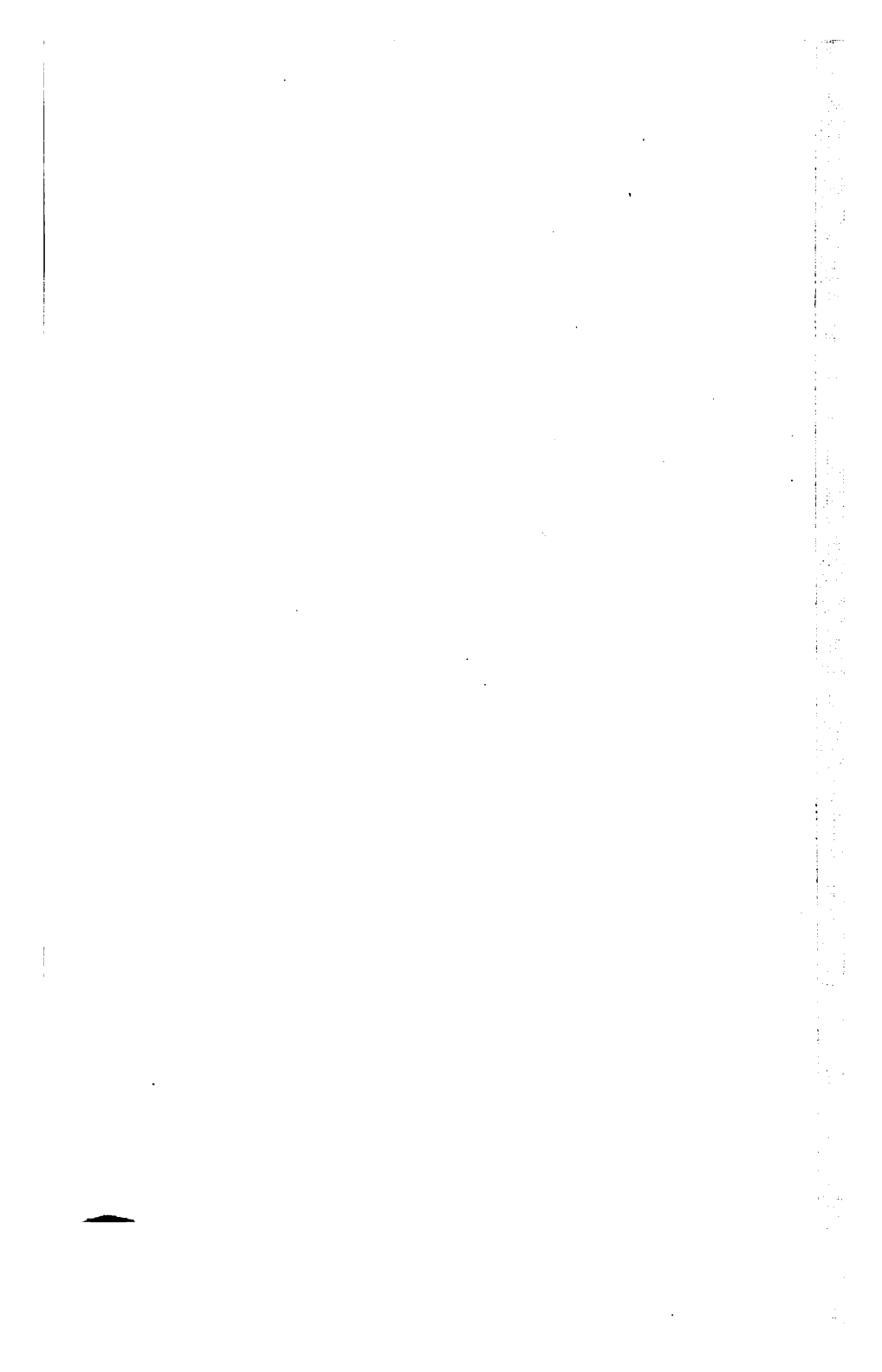
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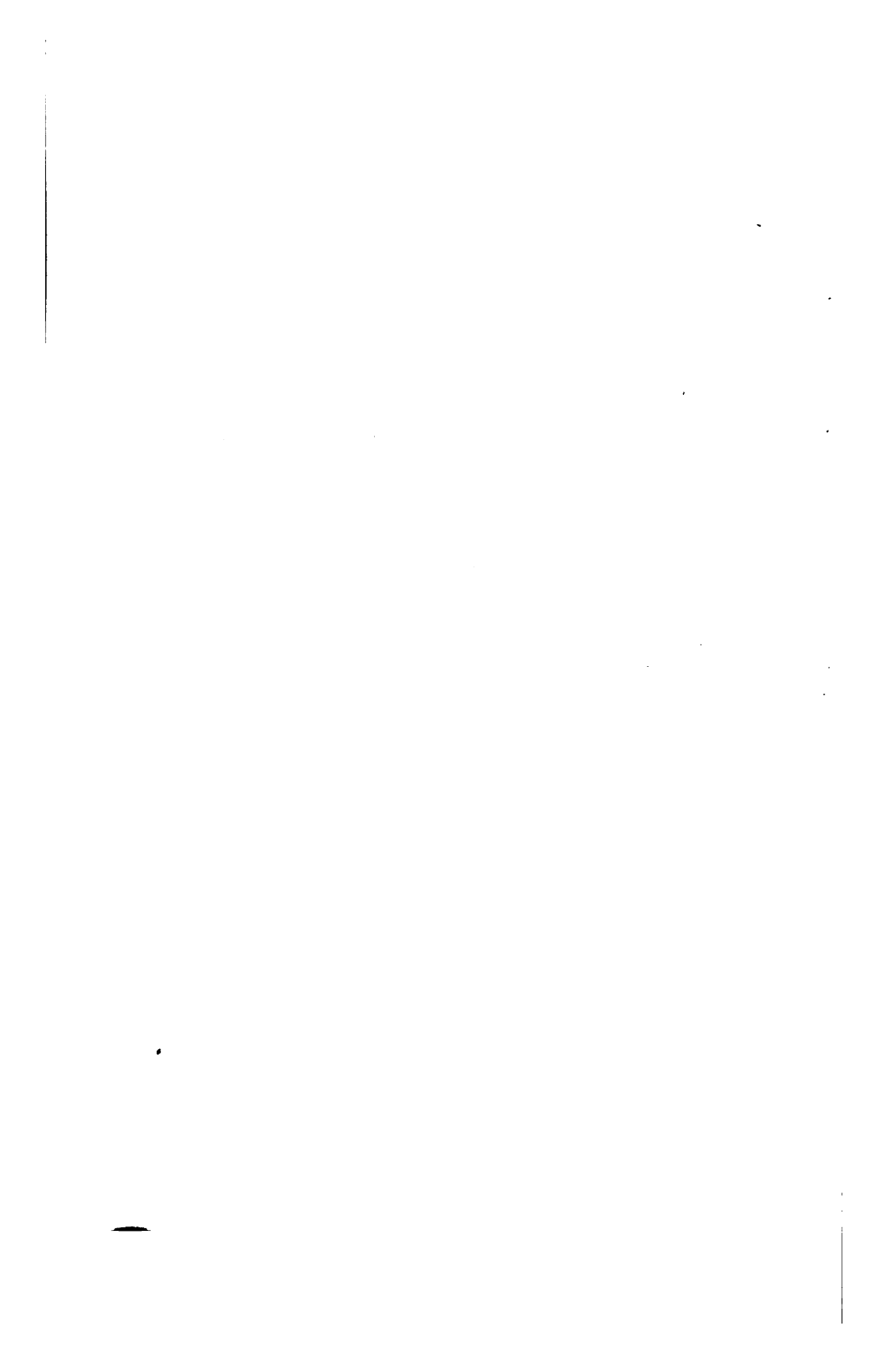
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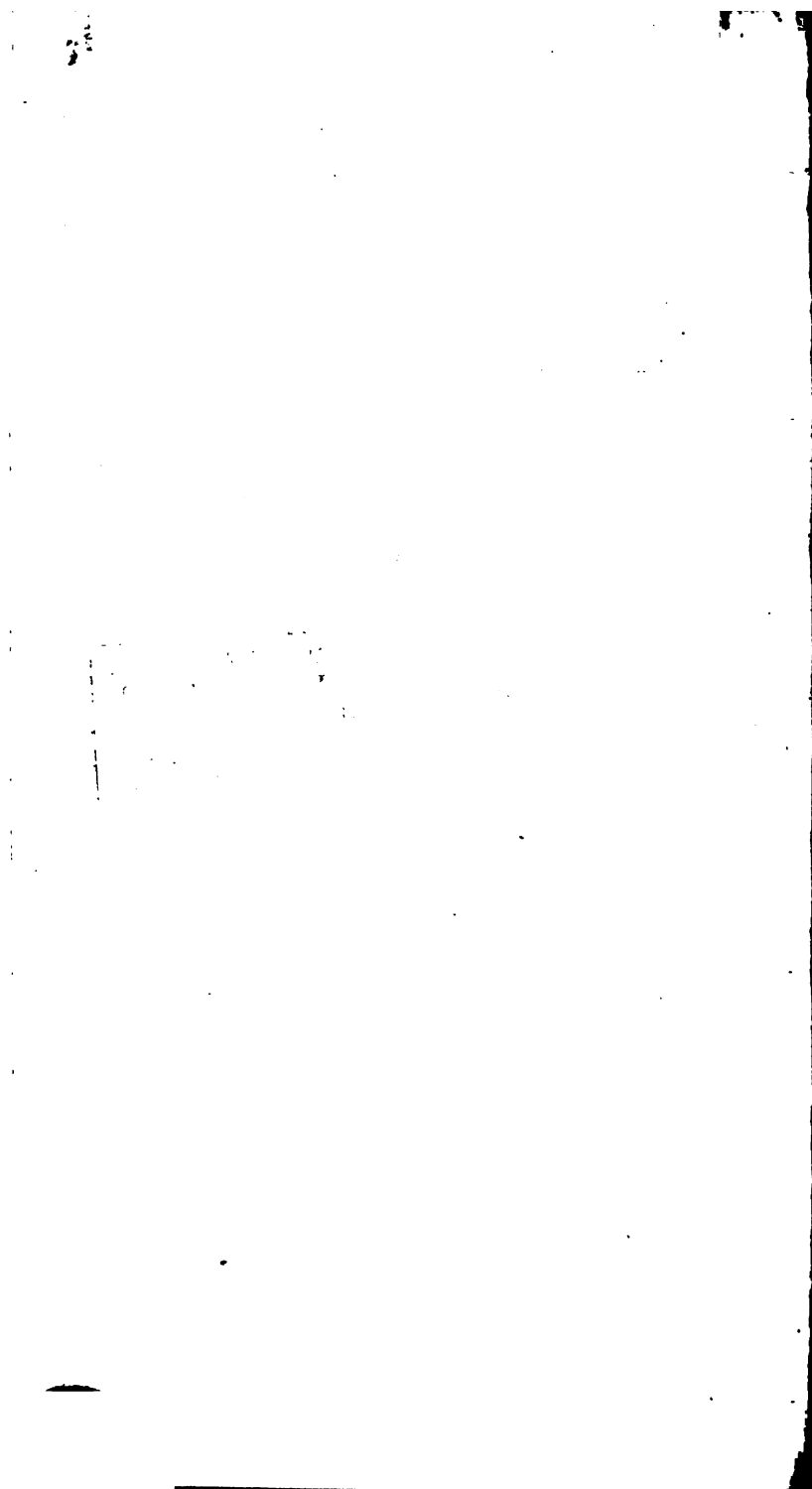
On seeing a Hatchment in front of the House lately
inhabited by Betty Bolaine of Canterbury.

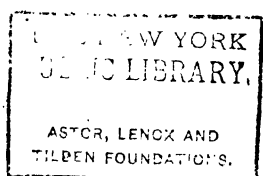
Ask you why here this pompous Hatchment's place,
In sweet memorials to her maker rise

To hide her Peryury, Deceit and lies;

And - as she lived - she died - she could not spare
Her Hundred of her ill-got wealth a share
But left it all - to damn her greedy heir! * }

* 8 Walsby







Petty Polaine?
Late of
Canterbury.

LIFE AND HISTORY
OF
BETTY BOLAINÉ,

(Late of Canterbury.)

A WELL KNOWN CHARACTER

FOR

PARSIMONY AND VICE,

Scarcely equalled in the

ANNALS OF AVARICE AND DEPRAVITY;

INTERSPERSED WITH

ORIGINAL POETRY.

to Elizabeth Bolaine

"An immoderate desire after riches is a poison lodged in the soul; it contaminates and destroys every thing that was good in it; no sooner taketh root there, than all virtue, all honesty, all natural affection, fly before the face of it."

"Where covetousness reigneth, know that the soul is poor."

(Economy of Human Life.)

SECOND EDITION.

CANTERBURY:

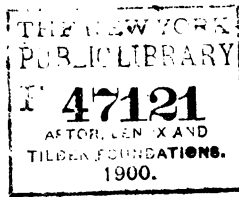
HENRY WARD, 14, SUN STREET.

1832.

W.C.

Bolaine

Henry Ward



Entered at Stationers' Hall.

1900

P R E F A C E.

THE LIFE of BETTY BOLAINÉ is presented as a warning to characters inclined to fall into extremes;—extremes of any nature being detrimental to our own comfort, and the interests of society. Nor will those who suffer themselves to be wholly governed by a darling inclination, hesitate at the commission of any crime their situation gives them an opportunity of perpetrating, provided it be subservient to their guiding principles.

The Anecdotes in the Narrative are drawn from real facts, however inhuman, improbable, and inconsistent they may appear.

LIFE AND HISTORY

OF

BETTY BOLINE.

ELIZABETH Bolaine (the subject of the subsequent sheets), was daughter of a Mr. Noah Bolaine, an apothecary of eminence, at Canterbury; but neither his respectable example, nor a well conducted education, were sufficient to preserve her from the horrors attending avarice, and its attendant vices: each separate one sufficient for the pest of society.—She became at the death of her father, mistress of fifteen hundred pounds, which in a few years she augmented incredibly. Young, handsome, of uncommon talents, of good connections, and possessing a manner naturally pleasing, heightened by artifice, it is not wonderful she met with admirers; though so great a slattern, and so great a niggard in her dress as to have become proverbial.

As an instance of her latter failing, the truth of the following anecdote may be depended on:—At an assembly at Canterbury, (when the hoop petticoat was general) the ladies present complaining of the inconvenience of the fashion, decided on abolishing it: when Miss B.—, after a considerable hesitation, laying aside her majestic appearance, discovered to her astonished associates, that that

appearance had been produced—not by a regular hoop petticoat, but by a few strips of cane, confined by common string, and covered by the old blue apron of her late father.

Corrupted in sentiment, as abject in spirit, she ever evinced, that

“Tho’ on pleasure she was bent,
“She had a frugal mind.”

constantly requiring her suitors to defray the expences of her different entertainments, and *boasting* of the number of *treats*, as she styled them, she was in the habit of receiving.—As her first conquest of *note* was productive of many such treats, it merits being recorded.

By an elegant style of dancing, and in the borrowed plumes of a Mrs. De—la—p—t (at whose house she was visitor), she captivated at a Lord Mayor’s ball, the heart of Captain E—p—st—; who, yielding to the impulse of his wishes, hastily offered her marriage. But the wary nymph averse to any engagement that might shackle her fortune and liberty, kept him still at bay, dallying with his passion, but accepting his presents. Whether her fortune was his principal aim, or whether he was really seduced by her allurements, I am not capable of determining; but certain it is, that finding entreaties in vain to bring this affair to an issue, he actually persuaded his brother to assist him in enticing her into a coach; and ordering the man to drive to the Fleet, very gravely and firmly told her, she must there be united to him in marriage.* Miss B.—little expecting so decisive an attack, instantly felt alarm, and indignantly answered in the negative, insisting on being immediately driven home; but her capturer replied he would no longer be trifled with; that since she was not averse to its performance at a distant period, she must consent to its taking place immediately. But the poor lady knowing her own private sentiments, and finding herself at her last resource, became so vehement and loud, that in the Strand she was rescued by the passers by: and Captain E—, not more mortified than astonished at her inconsistencies, made her his farewell bow and sheared off.—Perhaps the eclat of this adven-

Marriages were formerly considered legal so performed.

ture might have assisted in procuring a second suitor, not more correct in his notions of female propriety than had been her first.

A Mr. S——d of Faversham was then her second admirer, and it was said he offered to keep a coach and four; but Miss B——, conscious that promises were not binding, wisely hesitated to resign her fortune, and right of augmenting it her own method, on such unstable dependence. To this gentleman, succeeded Mr. J—ph G—ld of Canterbury, and by some lucky stroke, not only won her affections, but persuaded her to yield him a bond: whereby she forfeited two hundred pounds, should any caprice of her's prevent the destined union. We may justly conclude from the tenor of her character on every former as future occasion, she must have been greatly pleased with this man, ere such a proof of confidence in the stability of her inclinations had been procured. Whatever might have been the reality of her affections, she certainly tried her numerous arts to persuade him she was captivated; and supposing jealousy a necessary appendage to affection, she took occasion to take exception at an intention he made known to her of joining an assembly, given by a General then stationed in Canterbury, where she did not choose appearing since her hoop petticoat mortification: requesting as proof of love, his company that evening. In vain did he plead the necessity of attending his engagements—the more he argued, the more was she vociferous; till at length words becoming high, she exclaimed she would instantly expire at his feet, unless he would revoke his intention: being fully persuaded some more favoured female had attracted his notice. The poor man, fully satisfied this extraordinary rant was wrought by the power of love, while revolving in his mind whether to comply or refuse, was amazed on a sudden, by beholding her in an attitude of suicide—armed with a blunt knife, which she violently struck against her thick whalebone stays, well knowing their power of resistance.

Mr. G—ld completely duped, instantly seized the knife, and hastily drawing it through her hand, cut her so dreadfully as to render the assistance of a surgeon immediately necessary.

This affair was the foundation of some amicable understanding between them, and their days now glided on in peace and harmony.

“But joys too mighty, long to last.”

Long did not harmony embalm their days,
But discord shrouds his venom in the heart:
And madden'd with revenge, she asks her bond.

That bond, consign'd in all sufficient hope,
That time itself could ne'er in either heart,
Dislodge the image of the favor'd other.
Alive, however, to the needy call
That Av'rice prompts in every willing ear,
And to her talent for intrigue still true,
She bade him smile, and hope, and dream of bliss.
And now the Spouse proclaims his triumph;—
Already he exults in his success;
His views enlarge, and fortune not forbidding,
He meets her in the pride of youth and beauty;
And lov'd, and gaz'd, nor thought of all the past;
Smiling and gay, she talks of future bliss,
Urges full off' his want of confidence,
And as a bridal present, asks her bond.
Allur'd, deluded, he resigns the scroll:
Resigns with hope, fallacious for the dame.
By anger urg'd—by exultations prompted—
Consigns to ashes the devoted bond, and laughs at love
and him.

The above act of duplicity occurred during the period she resided in Burgate; when to make her marriage more plausible, the day, even the hour was appointed, and every preparation made. The Minister waited in the church to perform the ceremony, when her credulous lover, at her particular request, restored the bond; after which, she desired him to repair to church, promising to instantly follow. Deluded with this promise he went, and in a moment the bond was destroyed; and after waiting with impatience in the church more than an hour, the disappointed lover retired, amidst an immense number of spectators who witnessed his mortification and immediately left Canterbury, while she was enjoying the thoughts of outwitting a lawyer.

As void of friendship as of sincerity, she secretly abetted a Miss L——d (one of her intimates) in a clandestine marriage, wholly inimical to the wishes of the lady's father, and no sooner was the ceremony performed, than hastening to Mr. L——d, she advised him by no means to portion his daughter after so flagrant an act of disobedience.—The advice however was rejected; the daughter was portioned, and Miss L——d and herself were from that time strangers.

I do most sincerely wish that the dirty meanness hitherto related had been the most flagrant of her life; but she must now be developed as a monster, on whom

“Nurture could never stick.”

Her meek, her venerable, her affectionate mother felt—keenly felt

“How sharper than a serpent’s tooth it is
“To have a thankless child.”

Shall I pain the feelings of my reader, or shall I suppress the odious tale?—My inclination is averse to the former, but as a biographer, I dare not be guilty of the latter.

Take it then, reader, as handed to me from a Mrs. D—l—t, witness of this, and many other similar facts:—Dejected in mind, debased in spirit, and worn by illness, the miserable parent (from having suffered herself to be in a state of subjection to her daughter, and not wishing to expose her innumerable faults, had not wherewith to satisfy the demands of hunger, more than a very scanty allowance), one morning, when the daughter was from home, she dared procure a single mutton chop.—The chop, in fancy, already had she swallowed; but scarcely had the fire repaid her labours, when the re-appearance of her daughter surprised and terrified her past description. Miss B——, heedless of her apologies, tore in anger the meat half broiled from off the gridiron, and stamped it under her foot. Her eyes flashed fire—her tongue poured imprecations—her hand, reader, ’tis true, her hand was raised against her mother!!—her mother felt its force. Let this single anecdote suffice—enough is given to veracity—the subject is too ungrateful to be dwelt on.

Her brother would frequently send her plates of ready dressed meat from his own table, and from the humanity of his disposition, it was his wish to render the situation of his mother more comfortable, being ignorant in part of the extremity of her sufferings; but his efforts were ineffectual—for the meat so sent, was regularly locked up till its turn came round to be eaten, when it was most frequently past touching. Thus starving in the lap of plenty, the poor old lady resigned her breath; and when dead, nothing more than a few musty beans were found in the house.

At the death of the father, he bequeathed £6000: £1500 to the son, and £1500 to the daughter, as has been before observed, and £3,000 to his wife, which was at her death to be divided between his two children. The mother, after the death of Mr. B——, had realized £500, which she thought proper to bequeath to her

son; but Miss B——, indignant at the partiality, and aided by her covetous disposition, actually forged her mother's hand writing; by which she converted the £500 over to herself.—This atrocity, though mentioned by her brother to his dearest friends only, he could not fail resenting; and testified a coolness she never forgave, attempting its revenge in a manner too horrid for supposition. Her brother had experienced a fall from his horse, which obliged him for a time to keep his room, and wear his arm in a sling; during this interval, she, on pretence of enquiring after his health, made her way into his room; and cautiously securing the door, made a pass at him with a knife she had provided—but missing her aim, she prepared to repeat it, with dreadful oaths of revenge. He was however on his guard, and disabled as he was, threw her with force to the ground, wresting the implement from her. Thus she was prevented in this instance from committing perhaps murder on her own brother. The affair was, however, hushed up; and to this moment I believe is but little known.

Mr. Bolaine was universally respected and beloved, and it was impossible there could be a greater contrast of character than between this brother and sister. He married Miss Farnham, sister to the Countess of Denbigh, by whom he had a most lovely and beautiful daughter. At his death, his truly amiable wife judged it most prudent to continue on good terms with Miss Bolaine (however grating to her feelings), in consideration of the advantages she hoped her child might derive from her acquiescence; nor were her notions drawn from the chimerical idea of Miss B——'s gratitude, but from a marked partiality testified by her sister-in-law towards her niece.—This beautiful and timid girl, who was professedly the idol of her aunt, was nevertheless in continual torment from her caprice and ill usage, so entirely did she delight in giving pain; and it is thought her cruel conduct towards her was in a great degree the occasion of her death, in the bloom of life—regretted and lamented by all who knew her.

Miss B——, some time after the death of her mother, went by the recommendation of Mr. H—d, to board at Westgate Court; here the frequency of their meeting engendered again an inclination she termed affection; for Mr. H—d was rich, and only forty years

older than herself; consequently he was fond and she was kind. The bride clothes were made, a chariot was provided, but fits relentless forbid her being matron; for, contrary to her hopes, the enamoured swain refused settling the *whole* of his fortune upon her; and she, too wary to yield part of her's on such terms, refused to marry. But the same guiding principle that had influenced her wishes in the intention of becoming his wife, still actuated her conduct in the refusal; and judging it most expedient for her pocket, she accepted a proposal he made her, of living with him. Unfortunately Mr. H—d had a family, consequently she was an undesired guest; and many broils ensued, which terminated in his hiring for her residence, a neat and large house, where he spent the greatest part of his time. But, depending too much on her supremacy, she one time violently pushed him down stairs in a fit of rage, occasioned by his daring to object to a scanty, and not a tempting repast. At this time he was extremely ill, and his family feeling indignant at the circumstance, contrived to take him out for an airing one morning, and never suffered him to return. She was so extremely vexed with this aggression, that although she had previously refused to marry him, it was her intention to be revenged by bringing an action against him for a breach of promise, and to lay the damages at two thousand pounds; but this project she wisely gave up.

Thus ended this affair of gallantry; though at his death, which happened not long after, he bequeathed her fifty pounds and the chariot; with which, not being contented, she sent in an enormous demand, but never obtained its payment.

That Miss B—— continued in so large a house a considerable time was surprise to all; though it may be presumed, she found her account in it by the following occurrence:—A friend of her's (by name, Mr. M—y) was invited by her to accept the accommodation of her house, while his own underwent some necessary repair. This invitation Mr. M—— having accepted, was at his return to his own domain complimented with a most extravagant bill: although he paid the whole of the housekeeping expences, during the period he resided with her. However this imposition was against his inclination, he was forced to comply with it.

It may also be concluded, she found it expedient to change in a degree, her mode of life; keeping at distinct times two servants.

A P O E M.

Servants they were—but wages gain'd they none,
And Sue endur'd her hardships seven years,
For lack of money, oft' she sat and spun,
Smil'd at her stripes, and sang away her cares.

Peg, her successor, was of bolder sort,
Nor knew, nor cold, nor hunger well to bear;
Dar'd once against command to storm the fort,
Lighted the fire, and set out homely fare.

But ah! the luckless night! what storms ensue!
With oaths, not mannerly, her mistress swore,
That with her scissors she would run her thro'—
And instantly made fast the kitchen door.

Wild with affright, the hopeless nymph alert,
Clean thro' the window darting, instant fled;
Heedless of oaths, of dinner, or of dirt,
Hurl'd in revenge on her devoted head.

Madly she fled amid th' astonished crowd,
Appeal'd to justice, and dissolv'd her tie;
Obtain'd her cause, while execration loud,
Her mistress' verdict, and her threats defy.

It might have been reasonably supposed, that a woman of such notoriety, would have effectually precluded all advances of address in the tender passion: but with all due submission to good breeding, I must use a vulgar adage,

“There's never a Jack but there's a Jill.”

A Mr. B—x paid her a few visits, and gained her good graces so much, that she not only consented to live with him, but to assume his name as convenience suited; he was strictly her counterpart—he could wash, iron, sweep the house, eat a mouldy crust, or changed meat; invent a new kind of inconsuming fuel; * and never dared stir the fire but in her presence, lest peradventure he should stir her anger against him. Thus each incited the other to further parsimony. The produce of their garden was regularly sold; and I believe I need not add, that Mr. B——x was her gardener.

* His contrivance in making a fire, was after placing cabbage stalks, old bushes, and other rubbish from the garden, he cut turfs of grass with the earth, the size of brickbats; laid them on each side that it might not consume too fast—by this mode they experienced the comfort in cold weather.

THE GARDENER.

A FRAGMENT.

His filthy raiment all in slits,
 His greasy night cap lost in bits,
 His ev'ry thing so tatter'd,
 When working near his cherry trees,
 You might suppose a northern breeze,
 This scare-crow from them scatter'd.

In rags adorn'd with gen'rous scorn,
 His Spouse sets off at early morn,
 Regardless of the weather ;
 Partakes his toils, and hunts the snails :
 But should he eat a plumb, she rails,
 Unless he'd blighted gather.

Fruit sent they oft' to Thanet's Isle,
 But all forgotten for awhile,
 Was fruit in triple journey ;
 Till juice, alas ! the cherries left,
 Of all but stalks and stones bereft,
 Return'd they 'stead of money.

By sad experience made acute,
 Henceforth she never trusted fruit
 Without her walls, till paid ;
 And well her gains reward her care :
 Not e'en a single plumb she'd spare,
 Content with mouldy bread.

Once indeed, she did shew an uncommon instance of gratitude towards a person to whom she was under an obligation, having received many civilities.—Mrs. B—x, (so she was now called) sent her in gratitude, part of a blighted gooseberry bush, blown down the night before : which received with all due thankfulness, she took occasion to throw out of doors on seeing Mrs. B— approach the house the next evening. This action, though it highly offended her, did not prevent her generous mind from perseverance in steady acts of evinced affection. She at one time pressed the whole of this friend's family to eat fruit with her, appointing the time.—This invitation being accepted, they were ushered by herself into a dirty room, where was a market basket filled with decayed nonpareils. The visitor expressing her disapprobation in high terms of disdain, was told that she was dainty, and did not deserve favors ; she was however, another year invited to eat fruit : when she was handed to the garden itself, -with full permission, rather than persuasion, to eat what pleased her most ; but Mrs. B—x observing she gathered

some of the finest strawberries, warily informed her there had been a snake amongst them the day before : to which her friend as warily replied, she did not mind a snake in the grass.

This same friend being frequently invited to tea, went one luckless Sunday. The hostess discomposed, enquired hastily, why she had not apprised her of her intention ? and went scolding toward the kitchen to make preparation, never expecting the invitation would have been accepted ; during which time the visitor gained the street ashamed of her treatment. Mrs. B—x shortly perceived her friend's escape—and running after her a few paces, enjoined her immediate return, on pain of eternal separation. This threat sufficed—she did return ; but the tea-kettle having no cover, and the bellows no nose, she blew so much dust and smoke into the water, that if her friend thirsted, she thirsted still ; and her butter, which she offered as excellent, was an offence to common decency, having been some months in the house. This circumstance of fasting, Mrs. B— in kind compassion would have overlooked : but her dress being ridiculed, occasioned a coolness in her behaviour ; for being then in mourning for Sir C. H—, she had on a black petticoat, and light jacket bed-gown, describing in needle-work, frogs, monkies, &c. an appearance too ridiculous to escape laughter.

A P O E M.

I know not who this needle work had wrought,
Or in what era of the world 'twas bought ;
Tho' ignorance, the varied dress might laugh at :
The skilful might have trac'd its pedigree
And found, perhaps, the work to be,
Done by the daughters of SHEM, HAM, or JAPHETH.

I entreat my reader's pardon for this digression, but the garden-er naturally led to the produce of the garden : and from its produce *we leaped to its partakers.*

It may perhaps be enquired what was Mrs. B—x's *amusements* ? these, reader, then were of the sublimer kind ; in acts of good will, assistance, or beneficence, she passed her time, frequently knitting stockings for her neighbours and friends—though it must be allowed she was once detected in charging three farthings per ounce more than she paid for the worsted.—But virtue's self will cloy.—These rational, these praise-worthy employments, must yield to vanity in turn : and Mr. and Mrs. B—x, at length conceived a notion of keeping their carriage.

APPEARANCES KEPT UP.

A POEM.

THAT Chariot which had twenty years stood by,
 'Twas now resolv'd should shine in splendor forth ;
 For thirty pounds did two cart horses buy :
 This equipage perhaps might raise your mirth.

Not to a coach yard was this carriage sent,
 For varnishing anew, or making smart ;
 For, trembling at the sum on horses spent,
 Himself bedaub'd it with much skill and art.

With red and yellow ochre, mix'd with oil,
 With brush or broom he smear'd it well about ;
 And very careful, lest the arms should spoil :
 When lo ! the chariot now is coming out.

A driver too obtain'd—but ah ! poor Phil,
 By dire misfortune lost his precious nose ;
 A patch replac'd it, tho' it suited ill :
 With jockey cap, and drummer's* left-off clothes.

Shortly he bad adieu—and in his place
 A boy was hired, who dar'd not yet deride ;
 With smirking smile, the impress'd box could grace :
 But he, unskilful, knew not how to guide.

At length a willing mendicant arose,
 Preferment bless'd his hopes—he pleas'd the dame ;
 Resigns his locks, false locks his brows inclose,
 A coachman now in etiquette and name.

Not long resolving to retain the man,
 Determining himself to mount the box :
 He, as demands his perriwig again,
 Not—as the man to please him, lost his locks—

He would not quit him with a quite bare nob,
 So brought the cause before the council-men :
 Who bad him keep the natty little bob,
 Until his luckless hair was grown again.

To feed the beasts, and bring the money back,
 The carriage often was let out for hire ;
 But ere it went a journey as a hack,
 One seat for self the lady would require.

For she, poor soul, suspected wicked folks
 Might with the noble carriage run away ;
 And well could bear their idle jests and jokes,
 Content to ride, and no expences pay.

Mr. B—x finding so much trouble with servants, resolved to do the work himself, in which she assisted ; frequently feeding the horses, or at least observing they were not over fed. By this economical plan, the beasts became so lean as to occasion many insults to their owners.

* The clothes was bought of a disbanded drummer.

I should, ere this, inform my reader that when they first intended to bring forth their carriage, horses were entirely out of the consideration. Mr. B—x being one day on some business at Sandwich, he was tempted to buy two horses, which cost £30; but for this trespass he was afterwards fearful lest his bones might pay a severe penalty, as the two animals would be a daily charge, a circumstance by no means consonant to her feelings; he therefore very wisely had the *ice broken*, before he presented himself and his rosinantes to his fair lady. She was at that time at St. Lawrence, and when she heard of his presumption in spending his own money without her leave, she instantly walked from St. Lawrence to Canterbury, a distance of 15 miles, and finding that he had not arrived from Sandwich, she vowed revenge in a most impetuous strain; but having no living thing to execute it on, she threatened to throw herself down the well. At length he arrived—and endeavoured to appease her fury by suggesting that the horses might be an advantage to them, as he intended to let the chariot out for hire; this in some degree reconciled her, and hand-bills were accordingly printed.

Mr. B—x having a house at St. Lawrence, ⁱⁿ the Isle of Thanet, which they let during the summer season; ^{and} their excursions to Ramsgate were frequent, and never expensive.

In one of these jaunts they intreated the company of a friend, who witnessed and enjoyed a most parsimonious and barefaced trick. Mrs. B—x had observed a large hay stack; she mentioned it—and Mr. B—x alighting from the box, went to it, drew out a large quantity, smelt it, drew another, and another; enquired the price, and offering it to the horses, they heartily fed—having set off without a breakfast—and then drove on.

Their journeys usually caused great amusement; another deserves a moment's leisure. Not e'en a cloud appeared to damp their spirits—all was hilarity, hope, and satisfaction; the lady was seated, surrounded with pickle jars, hand basins, and wine glasses. The gentleman had seized the reins, and slowly advancing, the horses' hoofs kept time to the balancing motion of a ladder, which, with a warming pan and garden implements, were fastened to the roof.

This solemn cavalcade advanced as far as Broad-street, when warming pan, ladder, and implements, all gave way. The crash was great indeed—and while part of the nobility were assisting the poor old man's downfall, the lady sat scolding others who were passing their rough jokes, telling her the horses would die on their journey. At length when reinstated, their spirits damped but not dismayed, again they move—move amidst a croud who continued laughing. A wag of a boy perceiving all again was ready, at parting gave the pair a loud huzza! Quick as contagion flew the cheering word; and sweeps, boys, men, and maids from doors, from windows sallied forth, and thickening with the croud, still pursued them with three times three to Northgate. At length, however, they gained Sarr; where, as the mob foretold, they lost a horse, which dropped down dead soon after their arrival.

COMPASSION,

A POEM.

Great lamentation for the horse was made,
Remembering it cost him fifteen pounds;
And now to view it, stretched before him dead,
Where none would purchase, to bestow on hounds.

'Twas a sight of woe that made him start,
His lady echoing his every groan;
Sweet tender creatures took it much to heart,
And sobbed aloud, till pity's self was flown.

Now being under the necessity of hiring, as the companion skeleton could not possibly drag alone, they sold him for a mere trifle, and the chariot itself for eight pounds, contenting themselves with walking to St. Lawrence, or taking the chance of a lift on the road, a method she frequently pursued in her journeys to London, occasionally preferring the waggon, but this was an extravagance she seldom afforded herself; sometimes she would regale under a hedge, with food provided for that purpose by her friends, when relish was heightened by the flavor of a little *nig*,* her favorite liquor, unless forced to buy it herself.

At the Alms-house of Rochester, a bed, a night's lodging, a breakfast, and fourpence are given to poor travellers, it is said she

* A term she used for gin.

has received the charity; and ever awake to the calls of avarice, she carried letters to as many people as from their friends she could procure, constantly making acquaintance with all to whom the lines were destined; thus procuring a breakfast, a dinner, or a luncheon, as convenience dictated.—She has been known to go and return from London, expending only a shilling! And once on her return, asking the master of the Gravesend boat what she must pay him to convey her from London to Gravesend? he replied, prompted by her wretched appearance, she might give him a pint of beer, if she could afford it, though if she could not, he would not distress her; with this humane demand she complied without addition. When during the winter season she visited London, she left Mr. B—x but one scuttle of coals, advising him to keep his bed till her return. This to him was not perhaps so harsh an injunction as it may appear to others—they were each other's copy.

DELICATE AMUSEMENT,

A POEM.

Of bathing, both were fond, in sultry weather,
 Altho' their mode unlike most other gent!
 For trudging 'neath the tow'ring cliffs together,
 (Suspecting not 'twas known which way they went.)

He sought a place where none could see or tell,
 Where he so oft in boyish sport had been;
 A place so charming—where the gentle swell,
 Better by far, than paying for machine.

And from the stable he procur'd a rug,
 Whose apertures would clasp her snowy arm;
 Come, shield in this, (he cried) thou'lt be so snug,
 Nor can a dress like this the water harm.

While like the golden fleece I'll girt thee round,
 And stand and watch thee on the stony beach.
 Nor stray, lest thou my treasure should'st be drown'd,
 So venture love, as far as rope can reach.

And charmer, 'midst the billows play,
 Like any mermaid popping up and down;
 'Twill please my senses, sooth my cares away,
 Nor love, nor pondece, on my bliss shall frown.

I like the plan—it shall be even so,
 For no expences can attend upon it;
 To-morrow morning, early we will go:
 You take the rug—I my worst old bonnet.

I shan't so much as once put on my wig:
 The less I wear, the easier to undress;
 The worst of all, is in the air to rig,
 And taking home the rug in that wet mess.

O, as to that, leave all to me alone,
 Tho' in the sea 'twould serve you for a wrop ;
 I'll hide it up under a heap of stone,
 And if 'tis lost 'twould only make a mop.

Strait way she plung'd amid the briny tide,
 Figure more odd than Hogarth ever drew :
 Delighted plung'd, for av'rice was her guide,
 That first, last, dearest object still in view.

As it was her interest to endeavour at rendering Mr. B—x's situation comfortable, in the commencement of this famous amour, so she appears to have succeeded : he at all times being the slave of her wishes ; at first perhaps from inclination, and latterly from notions of fear. That he was as herself a miser, cannot be denied : but that her treatment of him was widely different from his of her may be known by the following fact.

THE MISER OUTWITTED.

A POEM.

THE good man in a gen'rous loving fit,
 A cask of spirits bought for common use ;
 But e'er for a thankful mood unfit,
 She gave for proffer'd kindness, much abuse.

And ere the ensuing dialogue began,
 The crafty dame had ten full quarts purloin'd !
 Regardless how she tortur'd the old man,
 And all her soul to rage and spleen resign'd.

Nay, since you've bought it, take it to the cellar,
 For like a fool, you're ever spending money :
 Hence from my sight ! extravagant old fellow.
 I bought it but for you, my life, my honey.

I thought my love, when we'd a scanty meal,
 A little spirits then would do us good ;
 You know we do not oft the fire feel,
 Nor use it e'en to warm our daily food.

Our victuals ! who would better living have ?
 And none but you to warm it would require ;
 Your hungry stomach, ever dainties crave,
 You'd always be a wasting of the fire.

Enough, enough, go get a bottle quick,
 Talk not of love intended, make it clear ;
 He stoop'd to take—but soon perceiv'd a trick :
 His limbs, his eyes, his hue confessing fear.

Wretch that thou art ! (she roar'd) what hast thou bought ?
 Too true my guess, an empty cask appears !
 Foaming and breathless, then the cask she caught,
 It cleft the air, and whirl'd about his ears.

My dearest life, I pri'thee cease this rant:
 The cask I bought I'm sure was tight and full;
 'Tis not the same—believe me, love, it can't:
 But really, dearest, you have crack'd my skull.

Would my lov'd charmer this sad fault forgive,
 And seal my pardon with a balmy kiss:
 I'd swear I'll ne'er buy spirits while I live,
 Ne'er urge again my fair, to scenes like this.

My head is broken, and you've kick'd my shins,
 Rapp'd my knuckles till they're black and blue;
 My dear, 'tis worse than sticking me with pins!
 And that you know you very often do!

Peace then establish'd—thus secure the brandy,
 The silly dotard ne'er the liquor tasted;
 She kept it many years, *to have it handy*,
 Her maxim being—Nothing should be wasted.

The infamy of her character cannot be more fully delineated, than by the above circumstance; and my readers, when they reflect on the atrocity of the action in its varied positions, will readily believe she behaved with unremitting cruelty to the poor infatuated old man, who frequently lamented his destiny to his friends: asserting in confidence, he had often tried to end his miserable existence. Being questioned why he remained with her, he informed them, she had contrived so to secure his property, that were he to leave her, he must be beggared.—I do not wish to exaggerate, but it is an actual fact, that in his last moments, she fed him on cow-heel broth; and some time ere his breath departed, drew the bed from under him, leaving him on the bare sacking, and the marks of her nails were visible in his face. No sooner was he a corpse, than locking him up, she set off for St. Lawrence, on foot, where she secured what property she thought proper, and on her return ordered the bell to toll a few strokes.—I fear I tire my reader with accounts which appear scarcely credible; but there yet remains another, relative to Mr. B—x, which may not be omitted, as it is asserted as a fact.

A POEM.

WHEN poor B—'s coffin came into the house,
The men that brought it, fain would put him in ;
She'd do't herself—much kinder to her spouse,
Than she for many years before had been.

The men thought this a mighty odd strange whim,
That she should choose to fasten him in tight :
Resolv'd that they would take a peep at him,*
For sure it look'd as if all was not right.

Judge their surprize ! but it is past a doubt,
That nothing into this bad world he brought ;
She'd stolen his shroud !—and sent him naked out,
Blessing herself for such a lucky thought.

White stuff would make a petticoat or gown,
What signify'd its having been a shroud ?
'Twas pity then to put it under ground,
Nor that, nor winding sheet, was he allowed ?

To Ramsgate, where no grave for him was dug !
Not one attendant—and no bell did toll !
She sent him in a hearse alone !—so snug,
While she at home did stay and mourn—*poor soul !*

The man that drove him to his last abode,
Finding no preparation to receive him,
Said they might throw him in the sea or road,
He'd brought him there, and there he chose to leave him.

With regard to no preparation being made at Ramsgate, and no intimation given respecting his funeral, the reason is obvious, as according to his will, it would have been very expensive ; he was therefore for the moment, placed in the church, & was soon after buried. Although Mr. B—x was sent from Canterbury in the singular manner which is described, yet his relations at Ramsgate buried him agreeable to his will, and the expences incurred there, were paid by a Mr. C——.

It was a rule with her, never to pay for any thing she could avoid, and had therefore ordered of a relation, (who, from having expectations of inheritance, she rightly judged, would never trouble her for the money) whatever from an undertaker might be necessary, but for which she never paid ; converting the gloves and handkerchiefs to her own use ; a mourning bonnet she also borrowed of the same relative, but never returned it.

* This they did when they came to place him in the hearse, under a pretence that the lid was not secure.

The will of Mr. B—x was singular : he first desires to be buried in the tomb of his grandfather at St. Lawrence, which he also desired to be new stemmed, and his name cut on the same stone : (her conduct on this occasion I have before spoken of)—then, after cutting his perverse and undutiful son off with a shilling, he left the whole of his property to Miss Ann Bolainé, her niece, in trust for the sole use of Elizabeth, her aunt, and his beloved spouse, sister of Noah Bolainé. This will, the effect of her own contrivance, involved her amiable sister-in-law with her daughter, in many difficulties.

Mr. B—x had formerly been a bankrupt, and could never induce his creditors to sign his certificate, consequently, at his death, fresh claims were made upon his property—and finding herself embarrassed, she took an oath she had no title to his name.

A P O E M.

Expence on marriage ever will attend,
But her good sense against that did provide ;
He read the ceremony—she gave her hand :
The fees were saved, and thus was she a bride.

Mark then the cunning of this saving plan :
For had she bona fide married been,
She must have paid the debts of her old man ;
An evil which her wisdom had foreseen.

The poor lady was troubled with a short memory ; she did not recollect she had some time since, took an oath before a justice of peace, that she was his wife, when she imprisoned his son for abusive language.—This unfortunate young man had severely suffered by her animosity. His godmother had bequeathed him the sum of a thousand pounds, provided his father approved his conduct ; his father, influenced by his subtle favourite, informed him he should bar his enjoyment, unless he consented to resign him five hundred of this money. This, young B—x absolutely refused ; and by some manœuvre, it was contrived that Mrs. B—x had equal power ; who on application from the young man, demanded SEVEN hundred—which conditions he scorned, and made her an inveterate enemy.—

At the death of his father, he intreated her to spare him something of his property, but she offered him only his picture. Young B—x has since then, resigned his breath, unpitied and unassisted by her.

RAG FAIR.

AN EPITOME.

ALL his wardrobe then she sold
 Sold it to a tramping jew;
 Some were new and others old,
 With various colours, red or blue.

Bob tail wigs, or tonish tie;
 Went for a six-pence in a heap;
 'Tis not wond'rous some would buy,
 Selling off so very cheap.

Tried by many, none would do,
 'Till she bargained with a jew.

He could take them to RAG FAIR,
 Whether they looked ill or well,
 Sure he was to sell them there;
 Periwigs for two-pence sell.

Shoes there were, and worsted hose,
 Mix'd among the other clothes.

Some were darn'd above the knee,
 Likewise darn'd above the shoe:
 The garter hid them—none could see,
 Besides they were not sold for new.

Men might then be cheaply drest:
 Two-pence a pair for shoes and hose,
 A shilling coat, six-pence the vest,
 And a great for smaller clothes.

Shirt, hat, and wig, for something less,
 A crown might here command a dress;
 The jew for all, three pounds paid down:
 And drove a cart load out of town.

As widow of Mr. B—x, she had received at the India House, three hundred pounds; but being fearful of the consequences, she sold out of the funds her property—then amounting to eight thousand pounds; which, concealing about her person, she left London in the Gravesend boat, without the smallest apprehension of robbery; bearing in all respects, the appearance of a mumper. The weather being boisterous, she was so far intimidated as never again

to venture by water. She then, on account of the numerous demands made by Mr. B—x's creditors, entertained notions of settling in France; but ere she made up her mind, paying a visit to a learned lawyer, she requested his advice. He frankly told her, that she had better declare truly, whether she was, or was not Mrs. B—x; as her contradictions had placed her in danger of the pillory.

Pillory! pillory! who minds silly chat?
 Sure sir, you don't think I'm such a dunny;
 I did not come to ask advice for that,
 But to know how I could secure my money.

Sure madam, you wou'd not, to save your pelf,
 Suffer such ignominy and disgrace;
 No one, I'm sure, except your very self,
 Cou'd after that, ere hope to shew their face.

You'd pelted be—perhaps might lose your life;
 Likely exposed before your very door.
 Say, truly say, whether you are his wife,
 Let not a case so bad, be mentioned more.

This your advice?—she answer'd with a sneer,
 Then I have done with gentlemen of the law;
 I'll stand it out, sir!—let what will appear,
 I did not think that you wou'd find a flaw.

In passion she return'd, and shed a tear,
 It is a plaguy job upon the whole;
 I'll stand the law, tho' cruel and severe,
 Nor lose my money—more than life or soul.

She then made over her property to her niece; and having much confusion, the creditors finding nothing could be done, relinquished the pursuit. When her aunt re-demanded the money, it was re-funded without hesitation.

Shortly after, the young lady being in a poor state of health, went with her mother to visit her aunt, the Countess of Denbigh; and left their habitation shut up. Miss Bolaine, (for so she must now again be called) being obliged to quit the house she then lived in, took possession of the one belonging to her sister-in-law; where she took the liberty to let lodgings; and remained two years and a half, without paying either rent or sasses.

She then went into her own small and miserable habitation, which she would not afford to repair; but caught the rain in dishes in her bed room, which would serve her for drink; as she never required water for any other purpose.

Seldom at home, she resorted frequently to the house of a Mr. P—l—ps, shoe-maker, in Wincheap, by weather naught dismayed ; carrying with her bread and butter, and procuring with the old man a little hot water for breakfast ; after which she sat over a small pot of coals (if winter) in the cobbler's shop, till dinner time ; when Mr. P—— again frequently stood her friend two days in the seven. Mr. P—— obtained an hospital's place, was ill and extremely distressed—but of nothing was she liberal but her company ; and at his death, found no one willing to supply his place ; indeed he had been her chief friend, supplying her with books, of which she was very fond ; and delighted most in the history of misers.—Now therefore quite at a loss, she was under the necessity of taking her dinner at home, or taking none ; yet she frequently found one by chance—for near upon the time she knew to be the dinner hour, she would pop in, as she herself termed it, saying “ one volunteer was better than two pressed men.”

Her method of cooking was singular, as was the vessel she employed in that service. I know not what to call it, having been primarily a child's chair-pan, which the ingenious lady got metamorphosed into a cooking utensil by Mr. P—the brazier : and though not large enough to boil a whole apple-pudding at once, being narrow at the bottom, contrivance could adopt to any purpose ; one half the pudding therefore was boiled first, and then turning it, the other half. In like manner was it used to boil a steak or chop, the liquor of which she thought excellent soup.

It must be allowed she was punctual to her devotions, notwithstanding all her errors ; and once having partaken the sacrament at All Saints' Church, she was accosted by the clerk, on leaving it, who held the plate for alms, having overlooked her during the service,—he entreated pardon for the omission, which she readily granted, adding, it was no matter, as she should see poor people as she went along ; which no doubt she did, and they might see her, without being benefited one farthing.

She went out every day to drink tea : and had particular days to visit each friend, that they might last the week. She told one as a hint, when she had not been asked to supper, that she was so hungry as to be obliged to get up in the middle of the night to eat.

Water was her beverage at home for many years ; she said it suited her constitution—though she never refused good things abroad, but accepted all with evident delight.

Presents of wine, that were sent to her house, she grudged herself, and they remained untouched. She did not, however, disdain accepting presents of any description ; constantly informing one friend what another had done, and describing them as favourites ; by this artifice, she drew out many presents, as each would angle with a little fish—not expecting *ONE would draw the river ! !*

In the course of the last forty years, she was never known to purchase a single article of wearing apparel ; except, when being presented with a new gown by a young tradesman of Canterbury, she took another, as she told him from a motive of gratitude, but her gratitude never extended to the payment.

Washing had never been an article of expence, but was now a mere nothing ; carrying a bit to one, and two bits to another, she contrived to save its expence and trouble ; and vegetables she constantly had in abundance of presents—assuring the donors, that not the least of their gifts should be forgotten ; at the same time, intimating to those who were backward, that if they were blind to their own interest, was sorry, for that they would repent their error when too late. Thus her living was unattended with any of those expences, which distract the greatest part of mankind. Candles she seldom bought, borrowing a lantern with sufficient light to guide her to bed, which she has been known to put out on quitting the door, where she had been visiting. But luxury will pervade in spite of prudence—a mutton pie she was particularly fond of, and actually did indulge herself with one ; when eating the crust, she put over the same meat a second, and a third ; which, after having eaten in turn, the stinking meat gave a relish to the last ; and it might here be observed, that she never suffered her saucepan to be washed.

HINTS ON ECONOMY.

A POEM.

NAY, even matches for herself would make !
 Con'd not afford to buy them at her door ;
 A little brimstone, from some one wou'd take ;
 Pretending, beggar's matches were so poor.

Bits of stiff paper, or it might be chip,
 From her acquaintance such small things would crave ;
 In a tobacco pipe the ends she'd dip,
 Striving by this, a little more to save.

Worthy of note's the load of snuff she took
 From every box presented to her view ;
 What gripes (not pinches) she contriv'd to hook !
 Tho' to appearance, dosing in her pew.

In physic too, for that was like the rest ;
 But doctor's bills she hated—oft' would say ;
 Yet her advice, she'd have the very best,
 Though full determin'd, she would nothing pay.

Yet oft' attended, was by Doctor P—,
 And his prescription she as careful took ;
 Yet little thought, or ever dreamt to see
 A bill five guineas, from the doctor's book.

She vow'd she would not pay this monstrous sum,
 And said it was the vilest imposition ;
 For she herself did to the Doctor come,
 To save the trouble of that good physician.

One guinea then she offer'd for the whole ;
 Thinking with that, she handsomely had done ;
 The Doctor's daughter knew her narrow soul,
 And firmly said she wou'd have all or none.*

Oft have we wonder'd at her little arts,
 How slyly round her fingers, thread she'd turn ;
 Or pilfer sugar for her tasteless tarts,
 Or bits of chip, or shavings she could burn.

Ever averse such trifling things to buy,
 As needles, pins, thread, tape, paper, pens ;
 Each petty meanness, would she ceaseless try
 To get those things when visiting her friends.

But these her little pilfers were not all ;
 For bolder grown, she in the fact was taken,
 And buying half-a-pound at B—r—ck's stall,
 She actually purloin'd a pound of bacon.

Outwitted—not ashamed she sought to try
 Credulity's extent, and tried her best ;
 Persisting still she fully meant to buy ;
 And thus the matter ended as a jest.

* The bill was, however, paid by a particular friend of hers some time since her death.

This attempt at dishonesty was not her only one ; she in company with a Mrs. H——, (a person who had considerable expectations from her at that time), received ten pounds above her due, by a mistake of one of the clerks in the bank ; who, discovering his error and being under the necessity of making good the sum, went to Mrs. H——, to inform her of the mistake ; but finding the miser had left town, requested her to write to Miss B——. Several letters were written, but an answer never could be obtained. When Mrs. H—— was in Canterbury, she particularly requested her to restore the money, which the other as positively refused. But this action was not suffered to pass with impunity ; and on her re-appearance at the Bank to receive her next quarter's dividend, the clerk instantly demanded the ten pounds—she at first, denied it, saying, he must certainly be mistaken ; but on circumstances being made clear and attested by others present, she entreated excuse, and even knelt to him for a mitigation of the sum ; but finding him deaf to her intreaties, she drew from her stays, eight guineas and a half, and would pay no more ; the wretch was then, with a severe reprimand, suffered to depart.

At another time, in Canterbury, when she was in company with the same person, she stole two or three pounds of mutton, and being told of the circumstance by her friend, she was so exasperated as to kick her ; and threatened if it was ever spoken of, she would entirely obliterate her name from her will.

I should add, ere I take my leave of Mrs. H——, that this person had borne her caprices twenty years, and had been her continual dupe ; her home had been her constant home, when business or pleasure called Miss B—— to London : where when she once was, Mrs. H. — had a present of some very fine grapes, which in compliment to her guest, she presented her, though being then pregnant, she much desired them herself ; and had the vexation of beholding her insolent and disgusting friend eat them every one—enjoying Mrs. H——'s visible regret.

She had once indeed, a transient fit of generosity, agreeing to lend Mrs. H—— a sum of money on sufficient security, to enable her commencing business—but at the upshot, disappointed her,

which had nearly ruined the family; this, however, she bore, and as her expectations were large, complied with all her caprices, little suspecting the extent of her heart.

Shame seemed to make no impression on her: or an act which once produced general hooting, had surely in no shape, never been repeated. At a sale of Mr. S——'s, she bought a lot of earthenware: but going to another lot, she removed from thence several jars, which she placed with her own, nor dreamed she was perceived and suspected: at length, having completed her job, she was taxed with the theft, and hissed out of the room.

She has been observed to pick up scraps shaken from a table cloth, when passing through an inn yard, at Canterbury; and if in lighting a candle, she chanced to spill a drop of tallow on her fingers, she would lick it up with much apparent satisfaction.

And pray good reader, why not do it?

Was it not made of mutton suet?

And as so little meat she tasted,

'Twas sin indeed, if aught were wasted.

The two following anecdotes may be here introduced, as they bespeak very forcibly, her wretched appearance, which once excited charity from a lady who resided in the Precincts of the Cathedral, supposing her to be a distressed object, sent her little daughter with a shilling, requesting her acceptance, which she disdainfully refused: alleging "she wanted no charity."—At another period, when Prince William of Gloucester was stationed in Canterbury, he resided in the Green Court: and it was his custom to relieve daily a number of poor people with victuals. One morning when she was passing through the Court, a servant seeing her cast an eye on the Prince's house, and supposing her to be one of the poor creatures who partook of the Prince's bounty, very humanely offered to direct her to the place where it was distributed. Here, she was for a moment shocked, and her pride severely wounded: but as soon as she recovered from her astonishment, she called him an impudent saucy fellow, and quickly walked on—though she would gladly receive the smallest scrap, could she have remained unknown.

Her filthiness was a topic so general, that none doubted a dirty thing belonging to her, if no other owner could be found : and the following loss is a fact.

Her chapel leaving once, devoutly bent,
On prodigality her thoughts intent ;
Her uplift eye confessed her inward dread,
She sighing rais'd her hand, and rais'd her head.
Unconscious of her loss, she spread her palm,
And o'er her inward self diffused a balm :
'Gainst spendthrifts, and their lot enveigh'd aloud,
And, preaching sermons mingled with the crowd.

The crowd dispers'd ; but now the relict shone,
In line, in form, in colouring her own :
For ink, and grease, and snuff in turn had dyed,
And patch on patch the house-wife arts defy'd
Full many a year she hugg'd it to her breast,
Spit in its confines and retired to rest ;
And now while virtue's cause her heart trepann'd,
The previous morsel had escaped her hand.

The preacher, pale and heaving, tried to save
A thing so vile from sight, and sought a grave,
With tongs he seiz'd the rag, and scour'd the plane,
And on the dunghill hurl'd it in disdain ;
But ere the dunghill long confess'd its load,
With hasty pace she left her dark abode :
Demands her 'kerchief nor despairs to find,
And once more to her side the filth consign'd

THE MISER'S SOLILOQUY,

ON SEEING A CHIP HAT THROWN ON A DUNGHILL.

A PARODY.

To go, or not to go?—that's the question—
Whether 'tis best to let the hat lay there,
A prey to rot, and crawling gnawing worms,
Or to take courage against their idle sneers,
And shew I disregard, nor heed the laugh—
No more—I'll end this cogitation—
It pains my heart to see the hat lay there :
When I might take it from the dunghill top,
And lodge it in a drawer ; 'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd.—To have the hat !
To keep ! perchance to wear ;—Ay, there's the rub ;—
For from that *hat* what ridicule may come,
When I've shuffled off the one I'm used to,
Must give me pause.—There's the respect
Due to a person of my ample means :—
But then, who would bear the wire scratching,
The ponderous weight—and the fusty smell
That my poor head has patiently endured
Some *score of years*, when they might ease their
Quietus make, by barely asking leave ?
The dread of a refusal—and the laugh
That from the ignorant I may chance to meet,
Puzzles the will—and makes me rather bear
The inconvenience that I daily suffer,

Than fly to others that I know not of.
 But ah! each time I from my window look,
 It stares me in the face, as it would supplicate
 My hand to raise it—I'll go.

She hesitated, but at length asked
 To search for something on the little mount :
 To her of wonderful use.
 The favour granted, safely she conveyed
 The brave broad hat, and eke some trimming too,
 Which nicely decorated crown and brim.
 And in the afternoon she sallied forth
 In this same hat, which she thus preserved
 From gnawing worms and rot, just nineteen years,
 Oft' has she worn three hats upon her head,
 Whose thick and numerous coverings
 Caused them in weight to equal a dragoon's—
 But this poor chip, of coarsest make, went bare.

She never could be prevailed on to assist in sums of little importance, alleging there was no *proper object for charitable donations*; but the Lying-in-Charity being pointed out as unexceptionable by a very respectable patroness, (to whom that charity is greatly indebted for her humanity and perseverance), after considerable hesitation and making many enquiries, she produced the mighty sum of *five shillings*. This she offered on condition that the person who solicited her charity, would attend her in case of illness without any charge. I need not add that the impudent proposal was rejected, when she joyfully restored the beloved money into her own pocket; and in order to get rid of her guest, and all further application, she took a brush, (a thing she was not wont to do) and began sweeping her room, which raised so great a dust, that the lady immediately left her with the greatest disgust.

My readers may perhaps recollect a Mrs. D—l—pt, at whose house her first daring lover was attracted by her charms. This family, (distantly related to her) after living in much respectability fell by misfortune, into decay; and Miss D—l—pt, imagining she had some demand on Miss B——'s gratitude, having been repeatedly at her father's house six months at a time, induced Lady Y—g and Mrs. B—k—y to intercede in behalf of this young lady: requesting her countenance and assistance; and the young lady herself in person, supplicated her patronage, with all the eloquence of suffering virtue, unshackled by pride. But not a single sixpence could she obtain.

A P O E M.

No'er till her soul forsook its house of clay,
 Did she appear once decently attir'd;
 For tho' oft times inclined to be gay,
 Yet even then was ragged or bemin'd

Oft' have we seen her huddle thro' the street,
 In clothes some beggars would have blush'd to wear;
 Oft' have we heard a tongue this *taunt* repeat,
 "Betty give thousands, you so well can spare."

A wedding visit, to Lady B—k's she paid,
 For ceremony, did not *buy things new*;
 Tho' very *fine* in tiffany and brocade,
 No heel, alas! upon the left foot shoe.

Her cloak she bought—when new it is not known,
 Nor can I number patches there were on it;
 But six and thirty bits were truly sown,
 To make for her, a pretty looking bonnet.

Such were the garments she incessant wore,
 They ne'er could fail exciting just remark;
 And knowing that her father's name was Noah,
 You might surmise he brought them from the Ark.

Had you but seen her in a dirty street,
 For vet'ran like, she'd ever brave the weather;
 With full three yards of twine girt round her feet,
 To keep the patten, shoe, and foot together.

And think not, that her pattens were a pair,
 For reader, trust me, they were no such thing;
 The one, provided with an iron square,
 The other, with what's call'd a crinkl'd ring.

In these same pats, as tho' she went to mump
 Each Sunday night, did on the D— call;
 Up the grand stairs, on noble carpets stump,
 Lest haply servants see them in the hall.

Stockings that were originally white,
 But age had chang'd them to a tawny hue;
 When holes were grown, too big for vulgar sight,
 Were drawn until the calf did kiss the shoe.

But fashions, not expensive, won her heart,
 And troublesome she found her hair to frizzle;
 Contriving then, with equal pains and heart,
 She turn'd wrong side before, old B—x's grizzle.

And shall I tell what an acquaintance says?
 ———— Yes, yes, it shall come out:
 This wig was once inhabited by greys,
 But two hot irons, put them to the scout.

Lest in the slaughter one escap'd alive
 And should again be nibbling her crown;
 Did an effectual stratagem contrive,
 To bake the caxen in a crock tied down.

The baker, curious man, needs must peep,
 Lo! what a sight was there to meet his eyes!

Quick clos'd it up, lest something out should creep,
Near to the bread, the puddings, or the pies.

Hung high in churches you have trophies seen,
Demonstrations of honor, tho' but rags;
Not so her aprons, which tho' far from clean,
You might have thought them dropped from the pegs.

Only one spoon could she afford for use,
And on the table it was always lain;
But blacker, earth itself could not produce,
If buried in Julius Cæsar's reign.

Cakes, wild fowl, and wine, costly things, and rare,
Such as she lov'd but O, could not afford!
But what *some people* very well could spare,
Now rang'd in order, did adorn her board.

In order rang'd, did I say?—Alas!
Her things in order never yet were seen;
But huddled altogether in a mass,
Upon a cloth, full many a year unclean.

Snails meander'd o'er it many a time,
Other creatures, perhaps, did taste her cheer:
And in return, had on it left their slime,
To shew how very often they came there.

Nor need we wonder, for the walls were damp,
A cheerful fire scarcely ever shewed its face;
The little reptiles here had fix'd their camp,
As highly proper for their dwelling place.

And if perchance, some lively maggots play,
In frolic hop about her dirty plate;
She with a knife, might scrape a few away,
But what remained, savourily eat.

Ye who have heard an ancient proverb told,
"What will not poison, fattens"—needs must think,
That she, who so regarded all things old,
Would *prove* the proverb, both in meat and drink.

How she ador'd her golden gods, we know,
Yet did not dally view them o'er and o'er;
No—she had wisely put them out to grow.
And thus each little one became a score.

Every thing that might a house adorn,
Was useless to her—china, linen, plate;
Made full many years ere she was born,
Her goods and chattels were of ancient date.

Two rooms, four beds, that were so closely jamm'd
They bore resemblance to a broker's shop;
Old chairs, rubbish of every sort, so cramm'd,
But ne'er were they disturb'd by *broom or mop*.

The bed she lay on was her very worst,
The others, for herself too good to sleep in;
But this being cover'd o'er with rags and dust,
On Winter nights, with half her clothes would creep in.

How happy then! when cover'd from the cold,
 How charming warm she found her dear old rags
 That others for her heirs might all be sold,
 And help t'increase her heavy golden bags.

Thus did she live, till in her eighty-third year—when on the morning of the 5th of June, in the year, 1805, she complained of unusual indisposition, when at tea in the house of a friend, who in compassion assisted her home, and intreated her to drink a glass of wine; to which she replied she had none in the house. Her friend instantly sent for some from her own house; and after giving her as much as she wished, took leave, advising her to permit her seeking some one who could pass the night with her; which she however, declined, perhaps from fear of the expence of a candle.

On the following morning, about twelve o'clock, an acquaintance calling on her, could not procure admittance; and the key being in the door, (the signal of her being in the house) she alarmed the neighbourhood, and the person who first took possession of the house, (by getting over a wall) found her a lifeless corpse, with part of her clothes on, and a crust of brown bread which had fallen from her hand!!

The Jury brought in their verdict—" *Died by the visitation of God.*"

Her relations being much dissatisfied with her will, a thorough search was made for another, witnessed since the date of the one in force, but no will was found. Four dozen and a half of excellent Madeira was found, a present of a friend, but which she had not soul to enjoy. So lived, and so died this execrable wretch: a torment to herself, and pest of society, conducting herself through life with unexampled artifice, (if artifice it could be called.) May the world never again see her copy.

The whole of her property, amounting to about £20,000, she bequeathed to the Rev. Dr. W—, prebend of the church of Canterbury, (with whom, when the will in force was made, she had been acquainted only a few weeks), except one hundred pounds to the Kent and Canterbury Hospital, five guineas to Mrs. H—, of Canterbury, five to Mrs. H—, of London, five to a relation

at Dover, and about a dozen one guinea legacies, to those who had fed her and served her :—some ten, some twenty, some thirty, and some forty years ; but even this trifling remembrance was denied a good pains-taking woman, who had during many successive years, been her chief washer, without the smallest remuneration.

During her life, meanness gained ascendancy over pride—but at death, pride triumphed ; ordering particularly by will, that the bell should toll one hour—a grand funeral—an hatchment—and marble monument. She did not, I allow, request a recital of her life, but as it is evident she wished her memory perpetuated, I have taken the liberty of doing it.

It is somewhat remarkable, that not one person complimented her memory by wearing black ; as to mourning, that is quite out of the question.

The funeral was a scene of uproar and confusion, and it was difficult to prevent the populace from depredation ; the church doors were forcibly burst open, and during the ceremony, the spectators were passing their jeers, sneers, and shocking reflections.

Her house appeared a perfect emblem of herself—her grand parlour converted into an apple shop.

With all her art she never could divine,
That by a hatchment she had placed a sign ;
Each one remarking, as they pass the door,
Good fruits from Betty's house ne'er came before.

I M P R O M P T U.

A deal has been said
Since Betty's been dead,
Besides what is wrote in this book ;
She will surely be here,
Ere the end of the year,
If she can but get loose like Nell Cook.*

The precious old wig,
That was not worth a fig,
Though bak'd, boil'd, and iron'd before,
When the lady was dead,
It adorn'd a sweep's head,
Who had kick'd it about at her door.

* Formerly a name of terror to children ; for tradition says she used to haunt the Dark Entry, and was laid in the Red Sea.

Things too bad to sell,
 Were thrown down the well,
 They're rotten, and ready to drop;
 But we may suppose,
 She'll follow her clothes,
 And peep her head out at the top.

Can there be a doubt,
 She will hover about,
 If ghosts are permitted to stray?
 She'll watch her dear house,
 As a cat wou'd a mouse:
 And who, such a spirit can lay?

Ten feet deep we are told,
 Her clothes that were old,
 And will she now look to the well!
 To dung a hop ground,
 At one farthing per pound,
 How she'd grieve that the things did not sell!

Perhaps B—x's old shroud
 Went down with the croud,
 In that she may please to appear;
 When the poor fellow died,
 She stole all but his hide,
 For she lov'd to dress herself queer.

If she lik'd to be drest,
 Why not in the best?
 In her own, to be sure she may perch,
 'Tis clean! she wou'd grudge,
 That never will budge,
 But always remain in the church.

When her menument's plac'd,
 And hatchment is grac'd,
 In the spot near to where she is lain;
 No compliment paid,
 For what can be said.
 But here lies a miser in grain?

EPITAPH.

HERE rests her head upon the lap of earth,
 The votary of vice and wealth well known;
 Say, who cou'd glory in a creature's birth;
 Whom avarice distinguish'd for her own.

To pity, deaf! tho' large her store of gold,
 When mis'ry knock'd, she never op'd the door;
 Of her it never can with truth be told,
 She cloath'd the naked, or she fed the poor.

The muse would hide her frailties from your view,
 And speak of virtues only, on this stone;
 But having sought with diligence most true,
 Alas! confesses she can hear of none.

The author here begs leave to mention, that during the long period that she was acquainted with Miss B——, she has the pleasing satisfaction to herself to know, that she never spared to tell her of her faults. As a proof that she was no flatterer, she has subjoined the two following letters: her answer to the first was very concise—"I have lit my fire with your epistle, and read St. James before you were born."

After reading these letters, it may be wondered (by those that knew the parties) that there should be any further communication with them; but though she might be thrown off by a *letter*, she was always willing to return for a *dinner*, well considering *words* were *air*, but *meat* was *substance*. She would swallow her anger, knowing that the other spoke truth, and would not eat her words.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER

Sent by the Author to Betty Bolaine.

Let not a piece of formality, what the world falsely calls friendship, made up of deceit and flattery, hide our faults; these are in fact our greatest enemies—but let not you and I be of that number, but friends in reality, who hope to join the happy choir together for everlasting ages to come; and not as now for a day or hour, or perhaps another breath, do not let us stand on a precipice surrounded with perils, and perhaps the next moment may prove fatal; no, my conscience will not let me see you in such danger of falling, and not warn you from your everlasting destruction. You have been in my thoughts continually—to what end should we hear such sermons as we have done lately, if they do not turn us from the error of our ways? This you remember was the text, "Let us search and try our ways, and turn again to the Lord, let us lift up our *hearts* with our *hands* unto God in the Heavens."

How is it possible that *you* can lift up your *heart* to God with such an *idol* in your *hands* as you always carry? It is very awful words to write, and strikes me with horror; but it is greatly to be feared, your riches will separate you from your God for ever, if

your heart is not changed ; let my prayer and ardent desire have some effect upon you for the sake of your precious soul. If the words of God are truth, it is expressly said, that the covetous shall not inherit eternal life. You know that it is set down amongst the great catalogue of sins that are excluded—read the last chapter of St. James, the three first verses ; the dreadful curse of those who have hoarded up riches against the day of wrath. What if you could gain the whole world, and should lose your own soul, your treasure is paying your way to eternal ruin, while your bowels of compassion are shut to the distress of your fellow creatures ; how dwelleth the love of God in your heart ? at best you are but a steward, and what a poor account to return ! Your talents laid carefully up in a napkin, saying, Lord, there is thine own, I have not used any of it, not even for *myself*—I have laid up an immense heap of riches, that none of thy creatures might have the least use of them—then what could you expect, but that God should say, who hath required this at your hands ? if all had acted like you, how would my poor have been oppressed ! you have withheld the blessing I sent. Oh, what have you not to answer for ! you have turned the great blessing that God hath given, into a curse. I remember you told me, your cousin W—an—I gave every year to the poor, according to what his income was ; you thought this praiseworthy in him, why did not you do likewise ?—why, because your heart is barred up, you cannot give to another, what you will not afford even to *yourself*. You are not better off than if your lot was cast amongst the lowest ; they enjoy more of the comforts of life than you do. To what end is good education and good sense, but to increase your misery ? for acting so contrary to knowledge, it will but increase your condemnation ; but I pray God you may see your error before it is too late, before the evil day comes. I write not this to upbraid or offend, but would have you think it the most friendly letter I have ever sent you ; I know it runs the hazard of entirely offending you for ever, while in the body, but my desires reach to the soul, which is of far more consequence, for nothing but that would warrant this freedom ; and it is my most earnest prayer to God, that it may sink deep in your heart, and destroy that viper in you, that seeks your destruction ; then shall I be happy, whether you take it well or ill. I know that I discharged

my conscience, and you will have a proof that I hope will draw out that root of bitterness, that you may not say at the hour of death, Oh, that I had known what belonged to my peace, but now it is hid from mine eyes. I now recommend you to the allwise God, who alone is able to soften your heart, and make it pliant as wax ; may he turn you from these corruptible riches, that eat like a canker worm, and may you seek the true riches, that fadeth not away, is the prayer of your sincere friend,

E. B.

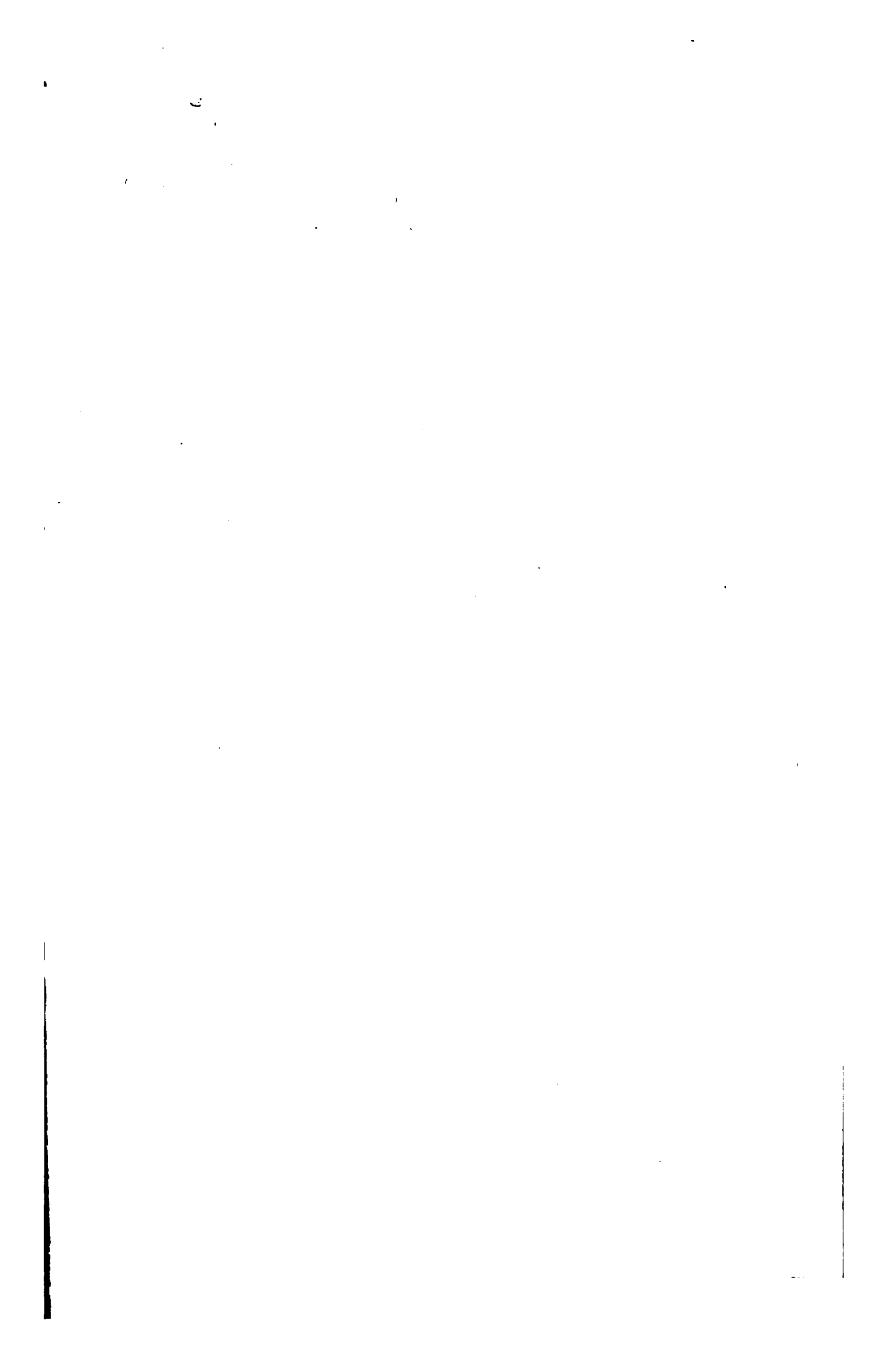
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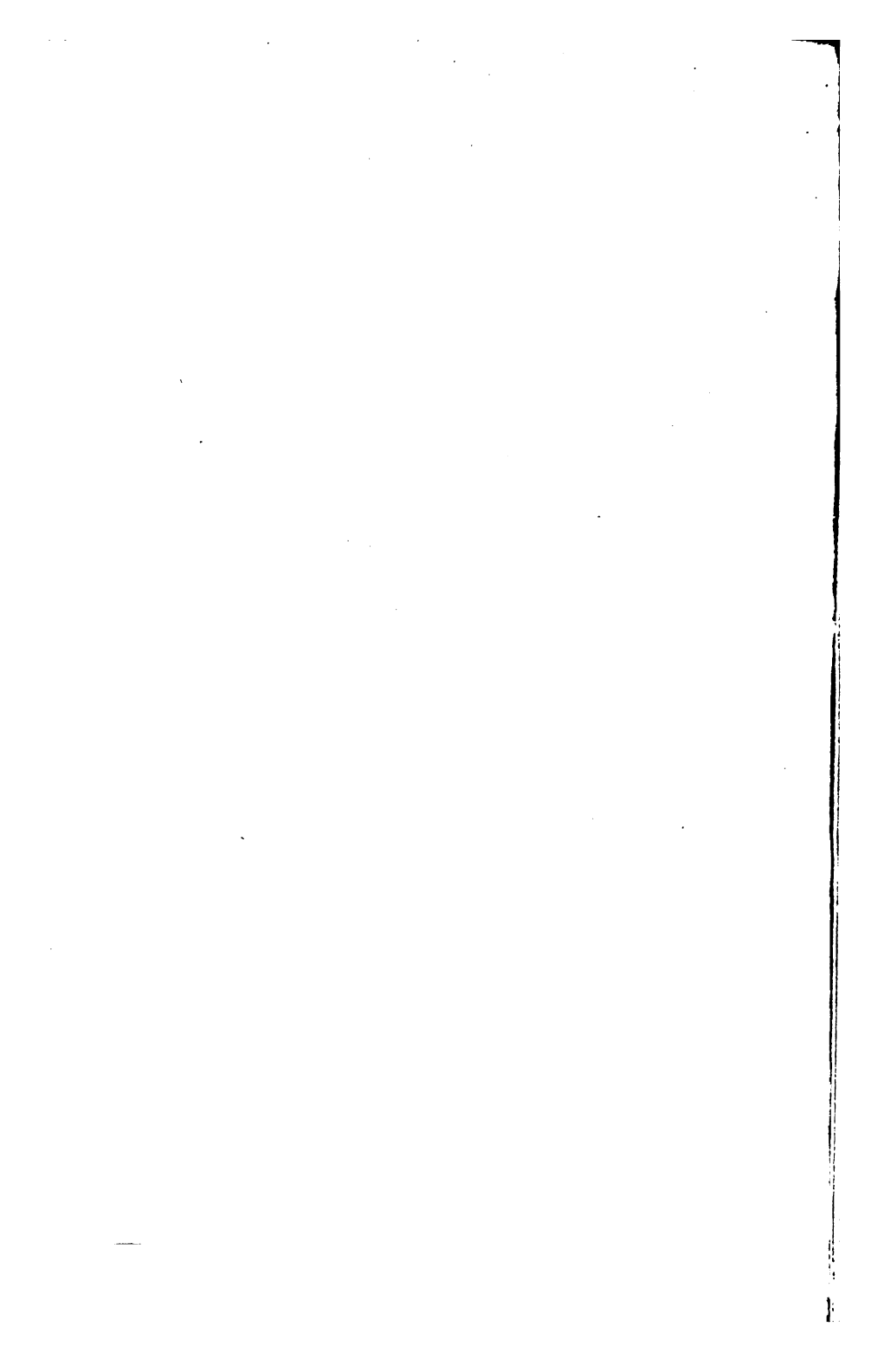
Your avaricious temper is so well known in Canterbury, that you are looked on as one truly despicable; what would you have said of any one, that had done as you did by your own brother? shuffled him out of five hundred pounds, and cheated a sweet young lady out of what was her right, instead of adding to it, for which every body pities her, and despises you—you ought to return it back with interest. [Then follows some part which is inserted in the narrative.]—Your usage of that poor unhappy man when near his end; I may say with safety, that you debarred him from every necessary of life—for, poor soul, he was like a hog in a sty, and flayed alive for want of linen; his food, hog-wash, no better; the liquor of cow-heel, a cordial for a dying man! He told me he was beaten more than all the children in Northgate; the poor creature begged for mercy at your hands, but could not obtain it till I got into the room. He told me in your presence, he wished you would bury him alive; that he was afraid you would be the means of his losing his soul, your principles were so diabolical. Oh, how dreadful must have been his case, upon the verge of eternity, under such trials! Sure your conscience must be seared with a hot iron, if you can bear this on reflection, to torture a poor wretch in his dying moments, when he was too weak to fly from you! and will you still let this dreadful covetousness prevail, and give yourself up for filthy lucre? You told me I had set a mark on you, a great while—I had indeed, for I was struck with horror at your dreadful hardness of heart. I have written my mind to

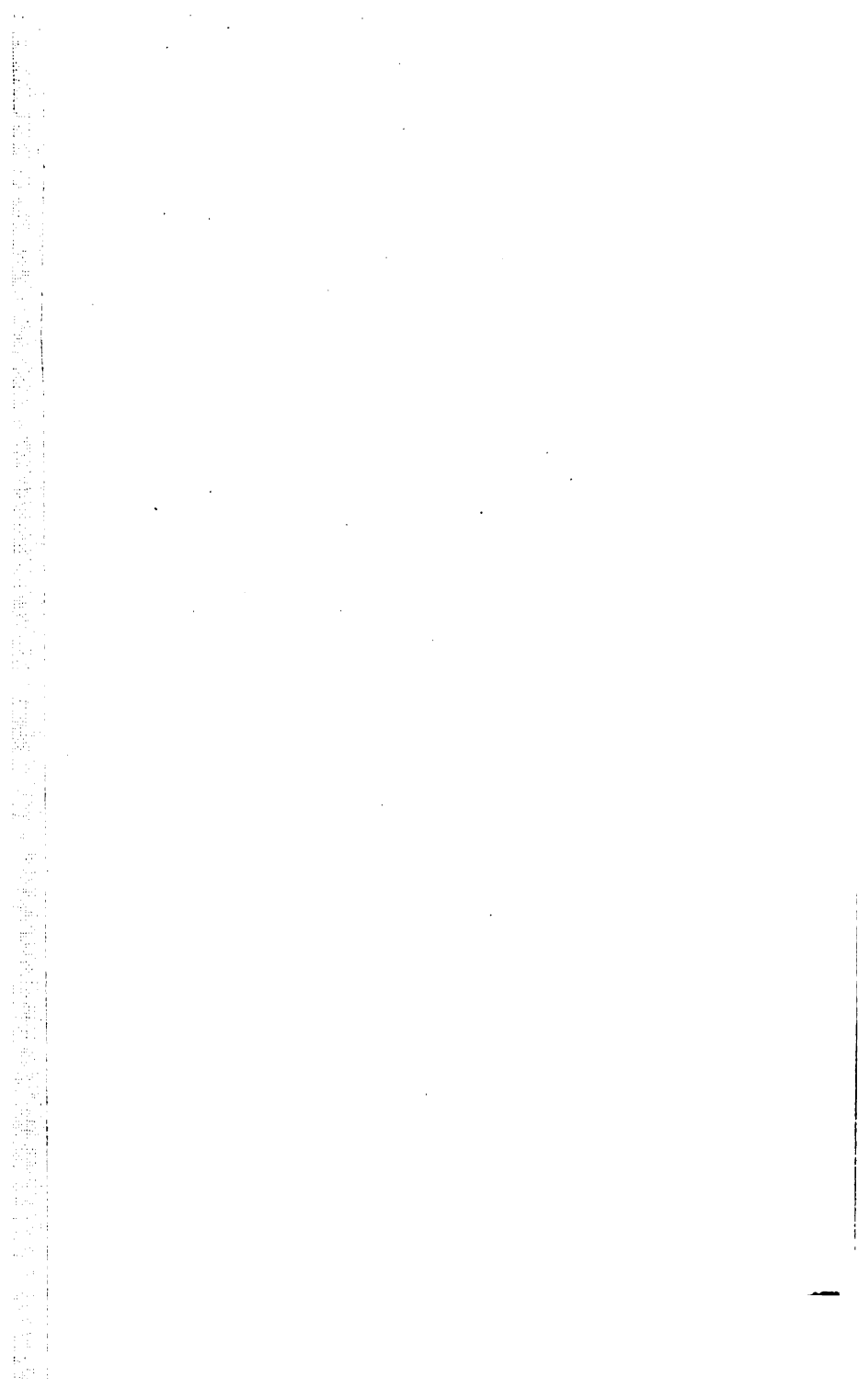
you before, in the greatest friendship, but now I fear you are given up, and lost to all feeling. I am sure his moth-eaten garments witness against you ; your dreadful covetousness would not suffer him to wear them. And now do you wonder that we should show you such a cold reception ? who that had the least christianity would shew you any friendship, except your relations ? it would not perhaps be prudent in *them* to tell you the blackness of your character, but you may be assured, you are a bye word for the whole town ; and except you change, you know the dreadful condemnation. You have heaped up treasure for the last day, but may God change that heart of yours, which is now hard as adamant, which I should be happy to hear, before the evil comes upon you, and it is too late. What good will your riches do you in a dying hour ? you will then see that those are your best friends, who tell you what a precipice you stand on.

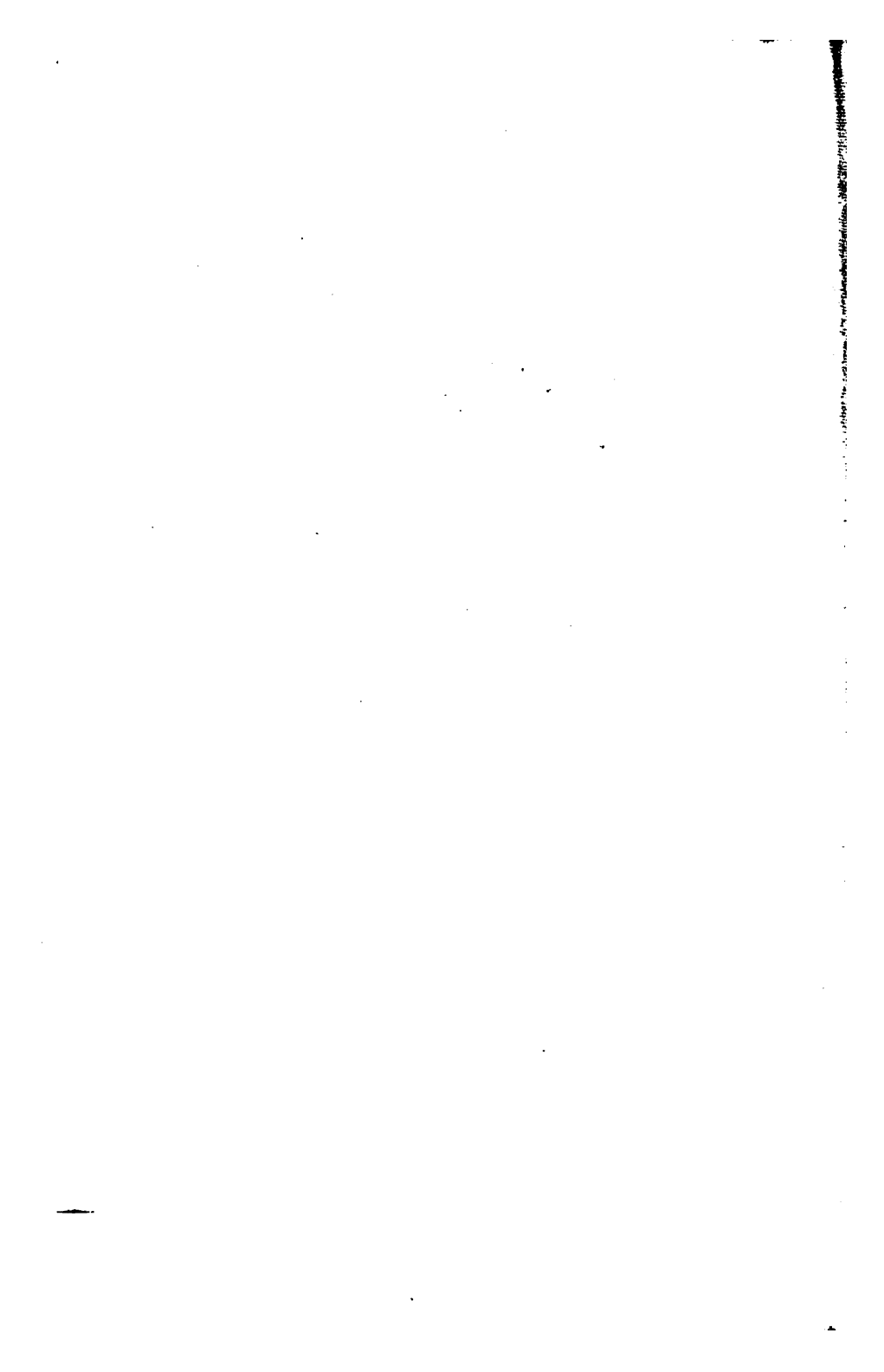
E. BURGESS.

Finis.









APR 29 1930

